

does it avail that they bring flowers for their burial? Be careful not to grieve your parents in words or acts. If we love them as we ought we shall not only do all that they tell us, but shall strive to do everything we know shall please them and make their lives happier. So let us resolve to keep the fifth commandment.

Thoughts for Young People

Forward.

Hate is a hard pillow.

Idleness injures ideals.

Gold is the meanest wealth.

The aimless are not blameless.

A serene life is born of a strong heart.

Helpfulness is the measure of greatness.

All of life's fairest flowers grow by the pathway of duty.

We become better by being our best.

Mean deeds blind us to noble ideals.

Every tattler tells his own character.

To be true today is to be trained for tomorrow.

Riches are honor only when they are the fruit of honesty.

He who is a friend of books can never want companionship.

There is nothing that produces a beautiful face and life so surely as a sweet spirit and a pure heart. This is not merely "good" advice. It is an inevitable law of nature that the thoughts of the soul reproduce themselves upon the features, and that what a woman is in her heart soon shows itself in her face. The springs of beauty lie deep.

If we do not live good lives it is our own fault. We have no right to complain and say weakly that everything is against us. It is true that "when one sets himself to live a grand life, man cannot interrupt him and God will not." It would not be a grand life if no moral victories had been achieved. The young should set forth on the journey of life confident that no one can hinder them from reaching the highest pinnacle of true manhood or womanhood. It may not be possible to achieve great wealth or worldly honor and glory, but there is something better than these within our reach. Man cannot keep us from possessing it, and God will not.

It is a small thing for a son or a daughter to show loving attentions to the aging father and mother, and yet those same tactful deeds give more pleasure to the parents' heart than anything else in this whole world. Our parents are dependent upon us for their happiness. We can make their lives radiant with joy or gloomy with disappointment. A touch in passing, a word of endearment, a cushion or a wrap, a kiss at coming and going, a bunch of flowers, a welcome newspaper clipping, a little errand—in a thousand such trifling ways as these may a mother's life be filled with deepest joy. Let us be a little more thoughtful, for mother's sake. We shall not be sorry for it when we come to take a last look at her loving face.

Things Worth Forgetting

There are many books and papers written on "things worth remembering," but it sometimes seems as if we needed many more on "things worth forgetting." The small boy who modestly boasted that though his memory was poor, he had "a first-rate forgettery," has served as a joke for many orators and newspapers, but he was really laying claim to a valuable possession. It may be humiliating to think how much of our daily lives—the things we hear and see, do and feel—are only worth forgetting, but the art of forgetting is one that should be cultivated.

The slight that annoys us is sure, if remembered, to grow in importance; the careless word takes on deeper meaning if it is pondered; the momentary feeling of provocation becomes hot anger if it is nursed. The only thing we can afford to do with all these small jars and frets is to forget them. The same is true of the little service we render, the kindness we bestow. If we count them over too often they grow, like snowballs, by merely rolling over, and our sense of the appreciation we deserve and the gratitude due us become exaggerated. Our small deeds of helpfulness, whatever they may be for others, are for ourselves only worth forgetting.

Still more should we let pass into oblivion the whispered ill about others. If we remember the story we shall be almost certain in some unguarded moment to speed it on its way again; it is only safe when forgotten. If we would keep our hearts light, our lives true and wholesome, and our consciences unburdened, we must learn to let many things slip; to acquire the blessed art—and it is one that can be cultivated—of not giving any place in our memory to anything that it is worth while to forget.—*Forward.*

One Man's Work

Some seventy years ago a Harrow boy of noble birth was standing not far from the school gates, when he saw with indignation the horrible levity with which some drunken men were conducting a pauper funeral.

"Rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns."

Then and there that generous boy dedicated himself to defend through life the cause of the oppressed, to pity the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners, and to see that those in need and necessity had right done them.

To this high service he felt himself to be anointed as by the hands of invisible consecration; and nobly was his vow fulfilled. He saved the little chimney-sweeps from the brutalities to which they were subjected. He mitigated or canceled the horrors of factories and mines. He founded ragged schools. He helped the poor costermongers. He went about, like the knights of old, redressing human wrongs. To few men has it been given to achieve more for the amelioration of the human race.

He passed, as all the best and bravest men pass through hurricanes of calumny, and felt

the heartsickness of hope deferred amid painful isolation. Never was there a more remarkable and beautiful sight than that of his funeral in Westminster Abbey. "For departed kings there are appointed honors, and the wealthy have their gorgeous obsequies. It was not his noble lot to clothe a nation in spontaneous mourning, and to sink into the grave amid the benedictions of the poor."

His name was Anthony Ashley, Earl of Shaftesbury. His statue stands by the western gate of the great abbey chiseled in marble not whiter than his life, and the two mighty monosyllables carved upon it—

LOVE.

SERVE.

are the best epitome of the best work of the young man in the church.—*Dean Farrar in the "Independent."*

The Christian Life

All Days for Thee, My God

All days for Thee, my God!

Yea, all my times be Thine;

The feet with holy sandals shod,

The path of peace on Sabbaths trod,

On every day be mine.

The more my toil and care,

The more I need Thy grace;

The more I need to breathe the air

Of heavenly love in answer'd prayer

In every time and place.

From morn to eventide,

From eventide to morn,

May faith and love in me abide,

Thine arm my strength, Thy hand my guide,

Thy robe of service worn.

Upon my forehead set

The mark thy chosen bear,

And when the tempter spreads his net,

Lord Jesus! let me not forget

The sacred sign I wear.

'Mid sorrow's wintry drifts

Take me beneath Thy wing;

If summer air from rocky rifts

The overweary head uplifts,

Thine be the praise, my King!

On every day do Thou

Thy willing servant bind

With cords of love—the way or how

I may not see, but trustful bow,

Content in soul and mind.

Spring wakens seed and root,

The buds and flowers appear;

The autumn crowns the ripen'd shoot,

And yields to man both bread and fruit—

So make my mission here.

While Thine each passing day,

Not one lone day in seven,

Lord! teach me so to work and pray

That all my steps along the way

May be to Thee in heaven.

—*Thomas MacKellar, in "New York Observer."*

PRAYER MEETING TOPICS

THE PROPHETS—JEREMIAH. NO. 4

III. *Passages worth quoting.—Continued.*

17. Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart.—Jer. 15:16.

(a) There is the righteous man's consolation.

18. "Thus saith the Lord: Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh